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A BLISTERING SHAME!

T IS TIME Mr. Taft was called to account for the present policy

He is repeating the mistakes of last year. Under the present administration the country has suffered three

severe and unpardonable droughts. With Mr. Taft in the White House the electorate of the nation

has sweltered through the hottest spells felt in a generation. The thermometer has gone so high that it is now almost indistinguishable from the cost of living.

Is the country to be parched and blistered by four years more of this blazing Republican insolence and incompetency? Turn the rascals out!

Give us an administration that will guarantee a downward revision of the temperature!

Give us a party that believes in rain and shine as the farmer and the workingman are entitled to have 'em!

What we want is a platform of cool days and moderate sunshine, with rain only between the hours of 2 A. M. and 5 A. M., when it will bother nobody except the milkman, and even he can get the benefit by leaving the covers off his cans. Enough of this Taft weather!

ARCTIC CHEER.

My beard and mustache, coated with toicles, became one solid mass of ice. I inadvertently put out my tongue and it instantly frome to my lip. I put up my mittened hands to blow hot and that the unruly member from its imprisonment. Instead of succeeding, my mitten was itself a mass of ice in a

'A soilor ineautiously did some of his outdoor work without mittens. His hands froze. One of them was plunged into a basin of water in the cabin and the intense cold of the hand instantly from the water instead of the water thawing the

The beard, eyebroice, eyelashes and the downy pubescence of the ears acquire a delicate white and perfectly enveloping cover of venerable hoar frost. The mustacke and underlip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper face by the luting aid of your board.

We performed a farce called "The Mysteries and Miseries of New York!" The thermometer outside stood at 46 degrees below zero. Inside the audience and actors, by the aid of lungs, lamps and hangings, got as high as 30 degrees below zero, only 62 below the freezing point. The condensation was so excessive that we could barely see the performers; they walked in a cloud of vapor. Any extra vehemence of delivery was accompanied by volumes of smoke. Their hands steamed. When an excited actor took of his coat, it smoked like a dish of hot potatoes. One of the sallors had to enact the part of a dans el with bare arms, and when a cold flattron, part of the "properties" of the theatre, touched his arm the sensation was like that of burning with a hot iron.

One night the temperature each to 59 degrees below sero, and on another occasion the degree of cold reached was 62 1-2, or 94 1-2 degrees below the freezing point.

> -Dr. Kane's narrative of the expedition in search of Franklin.

66IN GERMANY women have no political rights whatever." a visitor from the Fatherland told the Woman's Trade Union League the other night. "They have no vote in state legislatures he fanned himself with a newspaper or in any city council. Nor does the woman movement seem to promise much there as yet."

Many people have wondered why German women look so happy and jolly and capable and contented.

RATS returning from foreign travel on incoming vessels are in excellent health, thank you, except a few dozens overcome by the solicitude of our inquiries.

THE "sleek horse" and the "shiny motor truck"! Everybody wishes the former could pile it all on the latter these days.

THE price of meat is going still some higher. Well, those who eat much of it this weather won't be worried long!

> Men are reasoning rather than reasonable animals.

> > ALEXANDER HAMILTON. FELL IN DUEL JULY 11, 1804.

Letters From the People

Engineering in the Tropics.

work done by civil engineers in the repose, and that insouciance which is tropics. Would some readers who have so indispensable to true art-(whether had experience along that line advise it be the drama, music, singing, danc-&c., down there?

TWO YOUNG ENGINEERS. "Art and Nature."

I read about "Art and Nature on the through the employment of artificial Stage." Experience is no less essentiat means.

quires not merely a few months but We have heard a great deal of the work and training. Spontaneity and sometimes many years of patient, hard accerning employment, pay, condi- ing, painting or any of the other arts) must be acquired. Nature is all very well in itself and in its place. But in art, this very naturalness—or the ap-pearance of such—is brought about

to the chorus in the rendering of a True art on the stage seems to me to smooth performance than it is to the be no longer wanted. It was long since leading lights of the opera. This "fresh-superseded by the pretty face and fine performance than it is to the be no longer wanted. It was long since

Man Fand

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66 DHEW! Isn't it hot!" said Mr

"Do you mean to tell me you came

through the streets half dressed like

"And I am not the only one. The cas-

ual passerby looks as though he was

Beating the Market.

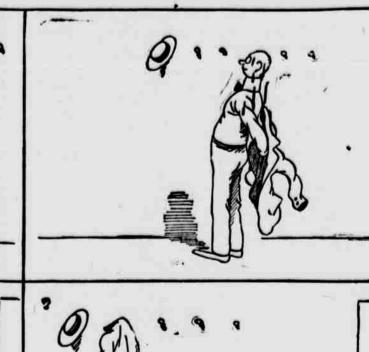
evening with his collar and tie, his coat and hat all in one hand, while

"Yes, I have saved all the rejection sees and innocence," &c., is always accompanied by awkwardness and selftalent. The eye is entirely too much

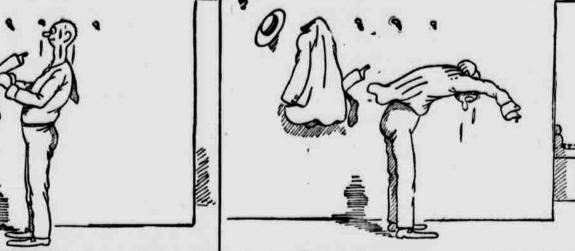
them back to the editors at ten

the reason you cut them out. If they write a set of "don'ts" that it put that

Why Not? 器(空間) 器



By Maurice Ketten





Oh, all this talk of hot weather is bath." what makes people think it is warm!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I darkened the rooms the kind!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude of the house and sat by the window with some iced has just shined the bright work in the on the corner. no matter if it WAS warm, that doesn't excuse you for being in untidy undress."

And, so saying, Mrs. Jarr words."

"What's the shower bath for th nose with her ever handy powder pad. have reminued me of it, I think Well, I know what I'm going to do,"

Mr. Jarr Decides That Winter's Backbone Is Broken at Last

and hat, "I'm going to take a shower had slipped past him and pre-empted "You're not going to do anything of Just for that Mr. Jarr marched out the kind!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude of the house and down to Gus's place

And, so saying, Mrs. Jarr waved a Mr. Jarr, "an ornament?"

Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "now that you "and it's jest off the wagon. You is

take a shower bath myself." said Mr. Jarr, as he hung up his coat | And before she could be stayed she

Domestic Dialogues. By Alma Woodward

The Hot Weather "Don'ts." | masty, dear. I know how you suffer steeme: A New York flat.

"But for my inherent modesty, wom-an, I would go abroad wearing nothing except a light covering of tattoo!" re-plied Mr. Jarr. "In the streets without a coat or collar on?" repeated Mrs. Jarr.
"Yea, even so," groaned Mr. Jarr.

RS. A. (as a greeting)-Where've Mr. A. (mopping his melting brow)-Why, darling, I've been to the South Pole to see entered for the Olympic games and was whether Amundsen left it in good condi-

ne in the subway, but from my coign Mrs. A. (spitefully)-For goodness of vantage on the gridiron of the ele-vated I saw little children gamboiling sake, don't try to be funny in this heat around in the simplicity of no hingness, -it might cause a prostration! Mr. A. (angrily)-Well, where d'you staid matrons in negligee. Ah, the hot s'pose I've been? Sweltering at my deak

the hottest office known in captivity! primitive days when man was clothed in his right mind and, perchance, an amu-That's where I've been! Mrs. A. (deliberately and coldly)-YES, YOU HAVE! I called your office

three times and every time they said you had "just stepped out!" Mr. A. (rebelliously)-Well, why can't I step out if I want to? I'm a pretty regular meal ticket to this establishment and if I want to step out for a breath of air I'd like to know who's going to

Mrs. A. (sign/fleantly)-But DID you tep out for a beath of air? Mr. A. (peeling off)-Certainly I did. Say, suppose you're trying to get me to DID! Selzter lemonade-a wild, wanton

and dissolute beverage, is it not? What Mrs. A .- I was going to suggest that you come home real early, before the days in Rome, you know! rush hour, you know, and take a nice warm bath and rest a bit before dinner. Mr. A. (wildly)-A WARM bath! Say, out out that Christian Science stuff now I'm not in the mood for it!

Mrs. A. (hastily)-It isn't Christian Science at all-see? To-day a man who's kill yourself! supposed to be the highest authority in the country published a list of hot weather "don'ts," and I cut them out Mr. A. (from the soothing wetness of to read to you, because they're exactly to read to you, because they're exactly the tub)-Sweetheart, I feel at peace

time: 0.30 P. M. (A ker is head in the lock. Mr. A. ambles up the hall, dead with the heat. Mrs. A. rushes out to meet him.)

Oh, all right, go ahead!

Mrs. A. (reading)—Don't take olcohole of any sort into your system. Mr. A. (murmuring)-Ye-eh, that's

Mrs. A. (continuing)-Bathe tiefes a day in WARM water-cold water stimulates the blood and makes you hoffer with anything but something I ain't afterward. Mr. A. (indistinctly)-Ye-ch-sounds

Mrs. A .- Don't eat meats, starches Mr. A. (dreartly) - You - don't-say-

Mrs. A .- Avoid electric fans, don't eat ice or drink toed liquids-(An insidious snore, that gains vigor as it resses, come from the lax figure in the chair.)

Mrs. A. (incensed)-Ferdinand! Wake up and listen to the rules! Mr. A. (awaking with a start)-Oh, I was so hot and tired! (Arises.) Mrs. A.-Where are you going? Mr. A. (slowly and firmly)-I'm going

to crack a wash boiler full of ice and put it on a chair beside a tub, as cold no beer for nobody when it ain't just as the water will run; then I'm going to attach the fan in the bathroom and let 'er rip! In about a half hour you can serve me a nice julcy steak and a bunch of fried onlons in my bath, durling-just as they used to do in the old

Mrs. A. (holding up the shp)-But the RULES, Ferdinand! That's everything that the rules say you SHOULD'T do! Mr. A. (sweetly)-Put the rules on ice, dear. They're sunstruck! (He exits.) Mrs. A.-Oh, Ferdinand dear, you'll

opposite to everything you do! with the world. My soul is soaring! The Mr. A. (blithely)—Of course! That's Give me a pencil and paper and I'll Said he the reason you cut them out. If they write a set of "don'ts" that'll put that home."

that spraying coulth.

"Gimme a big. cold. tall one. Gus!" "and it's jest off the wagon. You got-

gets cold in the ice coils." "Walt ten minutes for a glass of beer

"Make me a rickey while I'm waitthe torrid street and reflecting how far It was to the next place." "I ain't got any limes," said Gus. 'Anyway, chinn ain't good for you.

Take a straight drink. "I don't want a straight drink," said Mr. Jarr. "Be a good fellow, Gus. Fix me up a big cold julep or something.

Plenty of cracked ice." "I ain't got no mint," replied Gus. "Gee! But I never seen such a fussy feller as you are. Ain't you satisfie!

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, it's too hot to fuss," said Gue me. You better go home if you don't think you get treated right by me," Mr. Jarr was going to say he didn't get treated right at home, either, but oncluded not to mention it, as Gus didn't appear to be in the mood to pity anybody just then.

"Let me have a glass of beer, Gus?" begged Mr. Jarr. "It's cold enough "No it ain't," said Gus. "My motter

is 'a pleased customer is the best advertisement,' and I ain't going to draw "It isn't the heat that drives a man

crazy, it's the kind friends he has." muttered Mr. Jarr. "By George! might as well be a hardware store for all the comfort it is to a man just

And he walked out and to his home. her shower bath, and in a fresh white wrapper, asked him why he had come home fursing about the heat simply as an excuse to rush out to the saloon and drink beer-"Which," as Mrs. Jarr sagely remarked, "only makes you warmer. Look at you now!"

KIND OF HER.

The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her



Love and Logic.

(A SUMMER GIRL'S REVERIE.)

UT on the restless river, under the studded sky, Where the long lights flash and quiver-you, and the moon, and If You in a flannel jacket, I in a fluffy gown, Floating away from the racket and roar of the busy town. Following stars that glisten, painting a fairy way-With nobody near to listen and a world of things to say! And while you are talking nonsense, and puffing a eigarette, I am trying to still my conscience—and hoping you won't forget. It is folly, I know, to be firting with you, in this idle way-

But tell me, Whom is it hurting? And who will be sorry, pray? Why shouldn't I look in your eyes, then, as long as I please, to-night? Who says that it isn't wise, then? Who babbles of "wrong and right"? Why shouldn't you say you love met Why shouldn't I feign to sigh, And vow, by the stars above me, to be faithful? Tell me why! And what if next week-no treason!-you sail up this self-same stream

With sors other girlf What reason that we should forget our dreamf There surely is consolation in calling this day our own-In knowing that THIS firtation is ours—and ours, alone!

For life is one with the flowers, and love and the flowers are one; And the secret of gilding the hours is knowing where each is done, Then promise me one thing, truly. It is all that my lips shall ask; And I don't think I ask unduly, nor set you a difficult task-Take out of your life this hour and keep it alone for me, And put it away like a flower, in the book of your memory!

Epoch Makers IN MEDICINE

Copyright 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World ANDREAS VESALIUS, "FATHER OF ANATOMY."



able to name blindbone of the human must be rememtion of the human

In those cays it was regarded in accordance with the will of the Almighty to roast thieves alive and to send thousands of human beings to their death in useless wars; while it was deemed offensive to the will of God to study the Andreas Vesallus was called in wonder of His creation upon the bodies of the dead.

Andreas Vesallus was unafraid. He twenty years. His great popularity and upon the battlefields and the gallows ing and obtaining knowledge, gained for and at the morgue. He studied his him many enemies among the physifavorite science from the bodies of clans of his time. he gasped, and clung to the bar rall those of his unfortunate fellows who looking for a chance to bring about his had no one to claim them or to care undoing. "I jest tapped a fresh keg," said Gus, for their remains; till he was enabled Andreas Vesalius was performing an and it's jest off the wagon. You got- to build up in a few short years a autopsy upon some neithern to find I'll ter walt about ten minutes before it science, the knowledge of which proved out the cause of his death, to be of inestimable value for the well was spread that the heart of the dead being of the human race. At the early man was seen to heat. in a saloon?" cried Mr. Jarr. "I'll go age of tworty-four Vesalius commenced Vesalius was promutly accused of some place else."

to write his great analomy book, and murder and condemned by the inquisiwhen only twenty-eight years old he tion to death. The King of Spain, how-

ing." said Mr. Jarr, looking out onto cember, 1514. Medicine was a hereditary university to resume his old post of

So great was the zeal of the "father vain to study. During his leisure house of anatomy" for his favorite science the young Vesalius devoted himself to and so thorough was his knowl- the study of the structure of lower edge that at the animals. He showed so great an acti early age of tude for medicine that at the age of twenty-one he was fifteen he was permitted to attend up said to have been persons sick with the plague. At the complete his medical education

Here he showed his wonderful abilitie even the smallest as an anatomist and could very often point out to his professor many points when the dissec-of anatomy. He was accordingly ap-

At the age of twenty-eight, after the completion of his book on anatomy,

trade ain't worth much, and there ain't completed his work, which to this day ever, interceded in behalf of his favorite any money in beer these days, anyhow, stands as a monument to the wonderful physician and the sentence and comrenius of this one man.

Andreas Vesalius was born at Brus- While he was there the Senate of Vesels. Belgium, on the last day of De- nice voted to call Vesalius back to the profession in his family. His great professor of anatomy. On his return grandfather and grandfather were both voyage in 1MI to resume his professorcourt physicians, and his father was an ship he was shipwrecked and died of apothecary to an emperor. When he starvation upon a small island

his Will on Other Men, if he hein't

ing later Becomes the Man who en

If All of them had Looked Before

they Leaped, History would have no

Pitcher Destiny likes to Face the Bats-

man who Thinks he's a Champion Out-

We've Never Seen a Calendar that

The Man who Announces his Achter

ment before Accompilating it has to be

The Hardest Little Buddy of All to

Gave any Space to "Some Day!"

Control of his Own!

Lose without Whimpering!

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left. By Clarence L. Cullen.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). DETTER to Bite Off more than you Plan-and the Rest of the Structure can Masticate than to Make Two will be Right! No Man ever Succeeded in Impostre



is Distinctly O. K. if you Don't Let the Hobby Ride YOU! The Umpire Con

Having a Hobby

selence "Calls a Balk" on a Lot of Threats Roll of Heroes! Do Better!

Pessimism the Science

Rooting Against Yourself!

About 80 per cent. of your Jinx's Pow ar is Derived from your Fear of Him!

"It is Basier to Catch Flies with Mo-Provided with a Hoot-Resisting Hide lasses than with Vinegar" may be a perfectly Good Maxim, but we never Repose Much Confidence in the Gink Shake is the Habit that's Stuck Around who Plays it Across the Board! too Long!

the Index finds it Hard to Live Up to TO Sow his "Wild Outs!"

Another of those Imbecke Fiction that has Gone the Way of the Dode is the one which Tried to Establish the Dietum at F ery Male Creature HAD

The Chap who Really Practices 2

GENUINENERS for the Ground- East's the Time to Presch 34